

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers..

DETROIT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1881.

PRICE, \$1.95 PER YEAR

VOLUME XII.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE"

NUMBER 6.

CONTENTS.

Agricultural—Reclaiming Marsh Land—The Southdown—Experience With Salt—Marketing Wool—Thoroughbred Merinos—A New Fanning Mill—The Barnes Wire Check Rower—Feeding Sheep—Seed Corn—Goutre in Lambs—The Herd of John F. Hagaman—The English Salt Supply—Stock Sales—To B. Chapman, of Saranac, Hereford heifer, 7th Mich. Rose, calved Sept. 18th, 1877; got by Royal Lad 1196, out of Third Mich. Rose 1203.	Page 1
Veterinary—Spaying of Cows—How to Kill a Hog—How to Burn Clay—Wheat, Clover and Sheep—Dogs or Sheep, Which?—A Valuable Cross—Initiation or Adulterated Butter—The Export of Dairy Products—Horses and Iron Bits—Feeding Horses in France—Stock Notes—Agricultural Items—Incubators and Poultry—Poultry—School Houses and Grounds and their Ornamentation—Horticulture—Hints—Horticultural—A Plan for our Peach Orchards—The Culture of the Quince—Horticultural Notes—Aparian—Bees and Bristle—Honey—Honey—Wheat—Corn and Oats—Hops and Barley—Dairy Products—The Pork Trade—Wool—The Live Stock—Important to Farmers and Stockmen—Farmers' Institute—Michigan—General—Foreign—From Local—Federal and State Decisions as to Boundaries—Miscellaneous—A Great Mistake—Dr. Jex's Predictions—No so many from an Unpublished Drama—Why Goutre Reformed? The Squire and His Wife—A Missing Railroad—Farmers' Doves—The Wealth of Nations—Varieties—Chaff—The Housewife—Chats With my Neighbor—Now About It—A Generous Offer—Useful Recipes—Andrax Fever—Salicylic Acid a Remedy—Spindles—Hogman vs. American Flour—City Items—Commercial—	Page 2

mothers, and are very prolific. When put in the market as yearlings they should average from 75 to 80 lbs. of dressed meat of the best quality. There have not been bred to shear a large amount of wool, but should average from 5 to 6 lbs. per head of a good quality of wool, largely used in the manufacture of flannels and goods of that description. The Southdowns have excellent constitutions, and though active, are very docile and easily cared for. In England they are regarded as one of the hardest races known.

We do not know of many breeders of pure Southdowns in this State, but Mr. Wm. Newton, of Pontiac, and Mr. Wm. Whitfield, of Waterford, both have them, and will no doubt furnish more particular information in regard to them if called upon. They are bred largely in Canada, but we have not the address of any one there who make a specialty of breeding them pure. There are probably some others who breed them in Michigan, and if so they have a chance to make themselves known by sending us their names and postoffice address.

EXPERIENCE WITH SALT.

WAYNE, Mich., Feb. 1, 1881.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I see in the FARMER lately many inquiries about salt as a fertilizer. I will give a little of my experience, and you can use it if you think best. Last spring I had a field of wheat in which there was a sand knoll. The wheat growing on it turned quite rusty and looked as if it were dying. My attention was called to this by one of the family, who said "Why not try salt? You have plenty of it." The wheat then being from four to six inches high, I sowed salt at the same rate as I would wheat, and went over it twice. In one week it turned green; in two weeks it was as good as the rest, and at harvest it was the best, in both grain and straw, in the entire field. I was sorry I had not sown salt over the entire field.

I had also a field of oats. In it were some six sand knolls on which the oats turned foxy. I thought I would try the effect of salt upon them. I sowed salt upon five of them and let one go without. Where I had sowed the salt the oats were the best in the field. On the knoll which I left without any the oats died out and left nothing but weeds—worse than useless.

As I had seen the good effects of salt so plainly, before navigation closed I got a load of salt from Oscoda ready to use this spring. I intend to sow at the rate of one barrel per acre. This land had no manure for the past ten years, so I am told. The refuse salt which I purchased cost me 50 cts. per bbl., and 50 cents freight. I could have bought good salt at home for \$1.10, so there is not much difference in the cost, and I do not know whether there would be any difference in the effect upon the land.

MARKETING WOOL.

I notice in the MICHIGAN FARMER of Jan. 18th the following article, which I think calls for a little investigation:

"The question as to the condition in which wool shall be put upon the market is attracting considerable attention at present, and in view of the subject the Chicago Stockman gives an example of a dozen sacks, weighing 4,100 lbs., which were shipped from Nebraska to Chicago. Out of these 4,100 pounds some 820 pounds of sound wool were obtained, leaving 3,280 pounds of dirt, for hauling which to the market the consignee paid \$57, while for bringing the wool to the market he paid \$14.40. But this was not all. For selling the wool and dirt together, the commission merchant charged one and one-half cents per pound, or \$49.20 for handling the dirt, and \$12.30 for selling the wool. The editor adds: 'From this it will be seen that while the consignee paid only \$29.70 for storing, sorting and selling his wool, he deliberately and without coercion paid \$106.20 to send there dirt; good, rich dirt, no doubt, but not worth to the State of Illinois the three and one-quarter cents per pound it cost the sender.'

The Chicago Stockman comes far short of "making a point," by omitting to state what the grade of wool was, whether washed or not, and the price per pound for which it sold, and also what the wool was actually worth after the scouring process, and what it cost to do it. I have searched market quotations and find the lowest price for unwashed wool to be 20 cents per pound, and the highest quotation for scoured wool 80 cents per pound. Now, taking these extremes, which in all probability is not a fair basis, as the wool undoubtedly was a medium grade, worth 35 to 40 cents per pound, and possibly washed at that, we shall soon determine whether the Nebraska shipper's "head was level" or not:

4,100 lbs of wool (unwashed) at 20c.....	\$820.00
Less freight.....	\$71.40
Less commission for selling.....	\$150.90
	\$597.70
VS.	
820 lbs of sound wool at 80c.....	\$656.00
Less freight.....	\$14.40
Less commission, etc.....	\$62.20
Less cost of scouring.....	\$35.70
Nebraska shipper still has.....	\$550.70
besides the cost of scouring the wool.....	\$57.50

The practice of washing sheep as ordinarily done, early in the season, is cruel both to sheep and washers, and when the flock is immediately driven over a dusty road, or turned into a field partially plowed, the result must be a loss to the



THE DIAMOND FANNING MILL.

A New Fanning Mill.

A company has been formed in Detroit for the manufacture of a new fanning mill which is said to be a great improvement over any other yet offered to the public. Some of the mills were built last fall, have since been thoroughly tested, and the result is said to be very satisfactory. If this mill will, as is asserted, clean wheat or oats so as to make them perfectly free from all foreign or foul seeds, without extra labor, so that the farmer can select from his most perfect grain for seed purposes, it is certainly a great way in advance of any other machine in the market, and will prove a great benefit to those who use it.

The mill is to be known as the Diamond Fanning Mill, and we this week give a very correct representation of it. It runs with remarkable ease, and does its work with much rapidity and thoroughness. At the late State Fair it was tested upon the grounds in a practical manner, and was awarded first premium over its competitors, some of which are known to farmers as the best in the market. The Company who have undertaken the manufacture of this mill comprises some of the best business men in Detroit, and they propose making a machine that will be of the best material and workmanship, and sell entirely upon its merits. The address of the Company is Diamond Fanning Mill Co., Detroit, Mich., and they will be pleased to furnish full information to all applicants in regard to the mill and its capabilities.

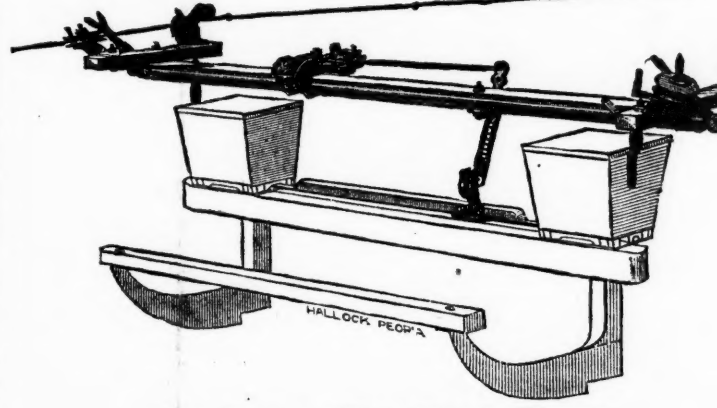
FEEDING SHEEP.

Plan for Building, Fodder Racks and Troughs—Some Suggestions to Farmers.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I noticed in your issue of January 25th an article from Mr. M. W. Cole, of Coldwater, on feeding sheep, which was very good. His ground feed and bran mixed with corn is indispensable in keeping sheep in a good healthy condition, costing less than corn, and increasing the weight of the animal faster. A variety of food is better for all kinds of stock.

Mr. Cole also inquired how to construct a fodder rack and grain trough combined. I will give him a plan of buildings and racks combined, which I think will be found a good one in point of economy and experience: For feeding two hundred sheep a building sixty feet long by twenty four in width is necessary. A main alley through the center four feet wide, with four pens on each side, and alley two feet wide between each pen running from main alley; alleys all floored, which makes a place for feed. For feed trough, the pen by four scantling on to the spike, twelve inches from the rack, and a raise of two inches on the side of rack to keep the grain in place. Put two sills the length of building through the center four feet apart for side alleys; put in joists from outside sill to the center sill in main alley. For racks use strips one by four two feet long,



The Barnes Wire Check Rower.

This implement, of which we give an accompanying illustration has become so popular as the only perfectly successful wire check rower, that we desire to acquaint any of our readers who may not be familiar with the machine, of the fact. Chambers, Bering & Quinlan, of Decatur, Illinois, the manufacturers, have for years kept its advantages prominently before the public and pushed their agencies throughout the corn growing section of the country until the Barnes Wire Check Rower can be found on sale at nearly every point at which corn planters are sold. Their claim of having the largest establishment of the kind extant, is a very just one, the increasing heavy demand requiring a constant enlargement of manufacturing facilities and their immense and handsome factory is the result. The advantages of this rower are very fully and truthfully narrated in their advertisement in this paper and to which we commend our readers' attention.

In addition we would say that the annealed steel wire used is made of the best quality, expressly for the firm, and is superior to all others for this purpose. The wire does not cross the machine thereby avoiding side draft and saving much constant wear on the wire, which therefore will long outlast one that does cross the machine. Chambers, Bering & Quinlan have been in business for many years, and the firm is very reliable, responsible, and popular with all who have dealings with it. They are also well known as the manufacturers of the Crown Elliptical (single) and the Champion (double) Hog and Pig Rings so favorably known throughout the land as the only rings that close on the outside of the nose, thus preventing it from becoming sore.

six inches apart, nailed at the bottom to these joists and sills, and nailed at the top to scantlings two by four inches. The building should be set up about two feet from the ground to the top of sills. It will soon fill up by feeding the sheep. A glass window should be put into each pen, and made to slide so as to give light and air, which are very essential. Put a drive wheel in the main alley, and put a tunnel through the floor in the center to put down hay. This arrangement gives three sides to the pen for sheep to feed to.

Feeding sheep in Michigan is just in its infancy. The farmers of this country are just beginning to learn that by feeding stock on their farms they can make more money at less expense, besides keeping their land in good condition, than they can by following in the rut of raising wheat and robbing the soil of its fertility. The great facilities we have for shipping stock to Europe makes the feeding of stock a great source of profit to our farmers. Farmers, stop raising wheat. The country is suffering from the over-production of this cereal, which causes low prices. Feed more stock, enrich your land, and keep it in condition to raise thirty bushels of wheat per acre where you have been in the habit of getting only ten and fifteen bushels.

E. O. TAYLOR.

Twin Lakes, Cass Co., Mich., February 1, 1881.

We have received a communication in answer to the article published in the FARMER last week, headed "Country Roads Again," but as the writer has neglected to send us his name we cannot give place to it. He will probably feel better, however, when he learns that the parties who have written upon this subject are not surveyors, or in a position to act as such, hence the strictures contained in his note do not apply.

SEED CORN.

MEXDON, Mich., January 27, 1881.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I noticed in the proceedings of the Farmers' Institute at Hudson, published in the FARMER, a paper read by Prof. Beal in which he said that the topmost ears of corn should be selected for seed, as by so doing the yield will be double what it would be from seed selected at random; and that by good cultivation 23 to 25 ears can be produced from a single kernel. Now, I should like to know the name of the corn, and if it will produce that much to one kernel, how much will it produce to the acre? I should like to hear from the Professor where the seed of such corn can be bought, as it must be a heavy yielding kind. Please answer through your valuable paper.

H. MOWRY.

[Professor Beal referred to no particular variety of corn. He said that by selecting top-most ears for seed, and giving it good cultivation, the yield would be doubled as compared with seed taken at random and sown on poorly tilled ground. What he said about growing as much as 23 or even 25 ears from a single kernel is undoubtedly correct, but it would have to be properly attended to. An English farmer has, by selecting the choicest grains each year, and careful cultivation, managed to get a very superior quality of barley which also yields more than the common varieties. It is known as Chevalier's pedigree barley. It would soon lose its value, however, if subjected to ordinary cultivation. We presume the professor was only citing this example to show the difference between poor and good farming, and the large results that could be attained by careful attention and good management.—Ed.]

GOUTRE IN LAMBS.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

As a subscriber of your paper, I wish to say to my brother farmers through its columns, that, having had a little experience with goutre in lambs last spring, I found the tincture of iodine to be a very valuable remedy for that trouble. I did not lose a lamb after I began using it; I applied it to the outside of the throat once per day with a small brush, and also put a very little on the nose. I treated them until they were too sorry to be easily caught. The iodine can be obtained at any drug store for 10c. per ounce. I used it at the rate of one oz. for five lambs.

Yours etc.,

O. B. LAKE.

EATON RAPIDS, Mich., Feb. 1st, 1881.

The Herd of John F. Hagaman.

The stock which Mr. John F. Hagaman, of Romeo, will offer at public sale Feb. 23d, are all of one family and bred as follows:

Daisy Dean 13th, of Spring Lake, got by Earl of Springwood 23063, out of Daisy Dean 6th of Spring Lake, by Romeo 18217; Hattie by Park Farm Prince 7093; Ida Bell by Park Farm Prince 7093; Daisy Dean by Grand Duke of Cambridge 4859; Woodside Beauty by 5th Duke of Cambridge 2755; Moss Rose by Primus 3280; Lady Wellington by Regent 2115; Rose 3d by Nero 3195; Rose 2d by Young Nelson 2497; Rose by Young Comet 2419, of the Cox imp. 1816.

Earl of Springwood 23063—Sire 7th Earl of Oxford 9985 by the 5th Duke of Geneva 7932, out of the 10th Lady of Oxford. Dan—Duchess of Springwood by Duke of Magdalla 7976; Duchess of Winfield by Duke of Cornwall 4854; Du-hess of Portland by Lord Ducie (1818); imp. Alice Maud by Grand Duke (10284); Cicely by Duke of Northumberland (1940); Cragg by son of 3d Hubback (2683); Cragg from the herd of Mr. Bates, descended from the herd of Mr. Maynard, Eryholme, Eng.

Romeo 18217, by Sheldon's Duke out of Phoenix 5th by Llewellyn 6956; Sheldon's Duke 7290, by 7th Duke of Ardrie 5332; Llewellyn 6956, by Master Gloster 5001; by Duke of Gloster (11832).

Park Farm Prince 7093, by Orpheus 1971, by Duke of Gloster (11832); Grand Duke of Cambridge 4859, by 5th Duke of Cambridge 2755, by John O'Gaunt 3d (18089), bred by Mr. Faquency, Eng., his dam being of the Gwynne tribe of the Bates stock; Primus 3280, by Sirloin 2204, by imp. Master Belville (11765).

Regent 2115, by imp. Duke of Wellington (3654), bred by Mr. Bates, Eng.; Nero 3195, by President (4750); Young Nelson 2497, by imp. Nelson 1914; Young Comet 2419, by imp. Comet (1388).

After visiting this herd the late R. F. Johnstone said in the MICHIGAN FARMER: "There is some in-breeding here, but so far, we think, from the growth, form and quality of the stock, which are large, straight, deep-milking cows and heifers of good constitution, it has been beneficial, and has brought out more fully the Bates blood to the surface."

The English Salt Supply.

We learn that the greatly increased demand, both in England and abroad for Higgins' Eureka salt during the past year has compelled Messrs. Higgins & Co. to largely extend their manufacturing facilities. It is very fortunate that this has been done before the disastrous land slide in the Cheshire salt district, which turned the fresh waters of the river Weaver into the brine deposit from which some of the manufacturers, including those of the Ashtons, Worthington and Deakins brands, draw their supply. Fine butter-makers will be glad to learn that the extensive works of Messrs. Higgins & Co. remain uninjured, and the supply for the coming year will be largely increased.—American Dairyman.

STOCK SALES.

Mr. Edwin Phelps, of Pontiac, Mich., writes us as follows:

"Please discontinue the advt. I ordered last fall, (Holsteins and Herefords for sale) as it has accomplished its purpose most thoroughly. Having sold all I can spare for the present, I have no further use for the advertisement." Mr. Phelps reports the following sales:

To B. Chapman, of Saranac, Hereford heifer, 7th Mich. Rose, calved Sept. 18th, 1877; got by Royal Lad 1196, out of Third Mich. Rose 1203.

To J. F. English, of Saranac, Hereford heifer calf Rosemary, calved Sept. 28th, 1880; got by Jo Sterling 1197, out of eight Mich. Rose 1213.

To Mr. Powell, of Bucher, Ill., Hereford heifer, Danask Rose, calved Feb. 11th, 1879; got by Jo Sterling 1197, out of Third Mich. Rose 1200. Oakland Maid, calved Feb. 15th, 1880; got by Jo Sterling 1197, out of Third Mich. Rose 1209.

Ceres, calved Dec 18th, 1879; got by Jo Sterling 1197, out of Corn 4th; also Hereford bull Sampler, calved Oct. 29th, 1879; got by Jo Sterling 1197, out of eighth Mich. Rose 1213, together with ten high grade Hereford bull calves.

To Bruce Phillips, of Utica, Mich., Holstein heifer Lady Vanatine 1197, calved Dec. 24th, 1879, got by Brigham 197; dam, Margaret 386. To J. V. Seeley & Sons, of North Farmington, Mich., Brigham 197, calved May 11th, 1878; got by Zaandam 389; dam, Dolph 301, Norma 417, calved April 28th, 1878; got by Bruno 183; dam, Alida 238.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice and prescriptions for all diseases of domestic animals, at a fee of one dollar, in cash or by mail. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar, in cash or by mail. Information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 201 First Street, Detroit.

SPAYING OF COWS.

(Continued from our last number.)

With this number of the FARMER we conclude the subject of spaying cows, the object of which is to secure a uniform flow, and richer quality of milk. The quantity and quality of the milk for the time being is no doubt improved. Instances where the results of the operation have been carefully noted the quality of the milk has been greatly improved; the yield becoming regular for some years, and varying only in accordance with the difference in the succulence of the food. The proper time for performing this operation is about five or six weeks after calving the third or fourth calf, at which time they are usually in a full flow of milk. There seems to be some advantages in spaying for milk and butter dairies where attention is not paid to the raising of stock. Spayed cows are more quiet, rarely liable to return of heat, which always, more or less, affects the milk both in quantity and quality. The uniformity of the quantity of milk for the dairy is of immense advantage; besides, the cow, when old and inclined to dry up, takes on fat with greater rapidity, and produces a tender and juicy beef, superior at the same age to that of an ox.

The French method of securing the animal for the operation we do not approve. Our method of securing a cow for this purpose is to take four leather straps with a buckle at one end and an ordinary halter ring in the centre. These straps, or hobbles, are secured around the pastern joint of each leg, which is located between the hoof and the fetlock joint, a rope is then secured to one of the rings, passed through the other three in such a manner as when pulled upon brings the feet altogether, and the animal falls upon the right side; chloroform or chloric ether is then administered, and when under its influence she is ready for the operation, for which she has been previously prepared by depriving her of all the food and water for twelve or fifteen hours before the operation; the bowels then being comparatively empty the operation can be performed with less difficulty. In order to gain the full benefits of this operation, with the view of securing a uniform and continuous flow of milk, the animal to be operated upon must be selected with care, or the object will fail; such animals as are poor milkers are not good subjects. Those which yield milk freely and not more than six years old are more likely to yield a uniform quantity of milk for several years. Our experience is confined to the operation upon some twenty cows, all within twenty miles of Philadelphia, and with a single exception proved satisfactory, yielding an increased supply of milk from one to two years, then drying up and running to fat. An exceptional case of which we have no record, we can only give from recollection. About the year 1862 or 3, Mr. Samuel Faulker, cashier of the Bordenstown Banking Co., New Jersey, called upon us to operate upon a cow kept for his family supply of milk. This cow was apparently in good health and condition, having given birth to her fourth calf. The cow was cast as previously described. An incision some five inches long was made through the skin and the walls of the abdomen; upon passing the

(Continued on eighth page.)

Poetry.

DANDELIONS.

"They fell from the place where the bright skies
Tend
The're bits of sunshine the angels send!"
The days went by, the June days long,
Bright with sunshine and sweet with song,
And the dandelions' heads of gold
Grew tall and faded, grew brown and old.
But the children's April tears were dried,
For buttercups blossomed just beside;
Till on one day such a sweet surprise!
—A miracle in the children's eyes—

In place of the dandelion's glow
Came downy blossoms as white as snow.
The farmer said, as he pulled a weed:
"The dandelion has gone to seed."
And the mothers said, as mothers will:
"The thoughtless children are happy still."
But it puzzled the children much to see
The dandelion where the gold was wont to be,
And tiny footsteps to rest were brought,
And baby faces grew grave with thought.
"Was a weighty subject they thought about,
This is the way they thought it out:
"Angels have given them wings to fly
Back to the sun in the shiny sky!"
Dear little children your queer thoughts seem
Wiser to them than your elders dream.
Teach me to keep, as my life grows old,
My faith in the dandelion's gold;
Teach me to see, where my footsteps tend,
The bits of sunshine the angels send;
Teach me, hearts that are undified,
To love God's world like a little child!

NOTHING NEW.

From the dawn of spring till the years grow hoary,
Nothing is new that is done or said;
The leaves are telling the same old story—
"Budding, bursting, dying, dead."
And ever and always the wild wind's chorus
Is "coming, building, flying, fled."
Never the round of years on ranges
Of our circuit, so old, so dead;
And the smile of the sun knows but these
Changes—
"Budding, burning, tender, cold,
As spring-time softens or winter estranges
The mighty heart of his orb of gold.
From our great earth's birth to the last morn's break-
ing
There was tempest, sunshine, fruit and frost,
And the sea was calm, or the sea was shaking
His mighty mane like a lion crossed,
And ever this cry the heart was making—
"Longing, loving, losing, lost."
Forever the wild wind wanders, crying,
Southerly, easterly, north and west;
And one word from the fields are sighing,
"Sowing, growing, harvest, rest."
And the third thought of the world, replying
Like an echo to what is said and best,
Murmurs— "Rest,"

NIGHTURNE.

Up to her chamber window
A slight white trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder,
Clambers a bold white rose.
I lounge in the leaf shadows;
I see the lady lean,
Unconscious her silken girdle
The curtain folds between.
She smiles on her white rose lover,
She smiles on her hand,
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand.
To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time,
Ah! what it was that won her,
Because he dared to climb!

—T. B. Aldrich.

Miscellaneous.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

By the Author of "The Love of the World," "Edged Tools," "King Conquest," etc., "Baby North's Loves," etc.

"Don't, Bee, my child," said Mary Throgmorton, shaking her head—"don't try to make yourself out so cold and calculating; it is just like you to do that, because you know you are really—foolish boy!—and show his knowledge of the world."

Bee was giving Doctor March a light, and she did not answer, excepting softly touching her mother's blooming cheek with her disengaged hand.

"Why should not poor Letitia come to me in her trouble?" continued Mrs. Throgmorton simply. "Did I not promise long ago that I would never forget her?"

"And you have kept your word, you old love! Do you know, Doctor March, my mother has a little package of yellow letters up stairs from Mrs. Ludlow, and a long curl of light hair, and such a pretty little miniature in a short-waisted gown! She has often shown them to me when I was a little girl, and told me stories about Letitia Butler and Addison House. Fancy—after thirty years! I wonder if I shall remember anything or anybody so long!"

"Why, of course you will, you foolish child!" returned her mother seriously. "Do you suppose you could ever forget Ted Ackroyd or the Doctor, who are your friends and Jack's, just as poor Letitia was mine?"

"Oh, the Doctor!" echoed Bee, pursing up her scarlet lips. "Painful impressions are notoriously hard to eradicate!"

"All right," said George, nodding lazily; "I will think of a tremendous retort presently, madam! Just now I want to hear more of these unhappy friends of your mother's. There is a daughter, you say, my dear Mrs. Throgmorton?"

"Oh, yes, and a charming girl, I am sure, to judge by her letters! It is really wonderful, the spirit in which she takes their reverses—her engagement only just broken off too when the crash came! Most girls would be completely crushed."

"Yes," admitted Bee, doubtfully—"If she cared for Lord Meldrum, somehow one is always disposed to think that when a girl marries a lord she does it only for the sake of his title, and it seems rather unfair. I suppose some lords would like to see their own account—I suppose they are the same as any other young men?"

"I am afraid Lord Meldrum was not quite so steady as some young men, Bee, or he would have known his own mind a little better."

"Miss Ludlow was engaged to Lord Meldrum!" asked the Doctor, with all the suave readiness to be amused induced by his excellent luncheon and Bee's dainty cigarette.

"And he threw her over on account of the crash, I suppose—wanted money with his wife?"

"No, no," returned Mrs. Throgmorton—and her blooming face began to harden and grow cold. "I thought so too—I am afraid there are men in the world heartless enough to marry for money—but Letitia writes me word that it was all Lucy Thrale's fault."

"Lucy Thrale? Who is Lucy Thrale, pray?"

Bee heaved an elaborate sigh.

"Who is Lucy Thrale?" she repeated doubtfully. "If you had not been in Connemara for the past six weeks, Doctor March, you would not have required to ask that

question. As for papa, and Jack and poor me, we have eaten and drunk and thought nothing but Lucy Thrale ever since we got back!"

"Bee," said Mary Throgmorton, smiling and coloring like a girl, "you must not laugh at your poor old mother."

"No, darling, I won't," cried Bee, squeezing her mother's hand against her bosom as she stood behind her chair—"at least not now. I'll go and change my habit, and you shall have the Doctor all to yourself, an irascible victim."

"And now," demanded George, as the door closed behind the girl's tall shape, "who is Lucy Thrale?"

"Miss Thrale is Ada Ludlow's cousin, a girl she has treated like a sister; and it is she who was the cause of Lord Meldrum's dishonorable behavior."

"Has Lord What's-his-name married the cousin then?"—watching the delicate smoke of his cigarette as it curled in the air.

"Oh, dear, no!" returned his friend, with a short scornful laugh. "I don't suppose he meant anything serious; the young lady gained nothing by her device after all."

"Did Lord Meldrum throw over both the girls then?" inquired George, somewhat indifferently.

"My dear George, no—of course not! Miss Thrale is by way of having refused him, too, you see. But what do you think of a girl who could encourage her cousin's betrothed husband so shamelessly as to lead her young man to the altar?"

"And apparently for the mere pleasure of refusing it?" added George dubiously. "It seems rather a complicated case, and I am afraid I must reserve my decision. But in the meanwhile what has become of Miss Thrale?"

"Oh, she is to live with the Ludlows again, I believe! Ada does not agree with her mother in blaming Lucy for Lord Meldrum's fickleness."

"It would be an admission of Miss Lucy's superior fascination to do so; wouldn't it?"

"George," cried his friend reproachfully, "if you had read Ada's letter you could not suspect her of such paltry feelings! And, besides—"with a pretty air of triumph—"it is she who has persuaded me to tell you of this matter, so you see she can't be very much afraid of her cousin's fascination, as you call it."

"I beg Miss Ludlow's pardon," said George laughing.

"Ada declares she and her mother writes, poor thing!—that Lord Meldrum must have heard rumors of the difficulties that were threatening the firm, for she had noticed a change in his manner towards her long before Lucy Thrale and he ever met."

"It is very sweet of Ada, of course, to take her cousin's part; but I have my own opinion of Lucy Thrale. I hate a deceitful girl!"

"In that case, mother," cried Bee, coming into the room in a charming walking-dress, and pulling on her long *Suede* gloves as she spoke, "you will allow me to tell you, for Mary frankly that he is very much in the way, and that we shall be obliged to turn him out if he doesn't go of his own accord."

George rose reluctantly and looked at his watch.

"For my part," he grumbled, "I prefer a little amiable blarney in a woman to such frank impudence. But I know whom to thank for all this. Miss Ludlow is at the bottom of it. I think I must make up my mind to hate her."

"Why not drive over to King's Road with us and see the house?" suggested Mrs. Throgmorton as she left the room to put on her bonnet. "We have really made it look very pretty, considering how little time there has been."

"I am afraid I must be tempted!" said George. "Your little romance has begun to come into forgetting the hour. I had no idea it was so late. This is my first day back, you know; and I must see Stetson, who will be waiting to get away. I have a few visits to pay to the North End."

"Well, come back and dine with us, if you can," urged his friend hospitably; "we shall be quite alone," and she went away to get ready for her drive.

Bee was looking at herself in the dingy old mirror over the tall chimney piece, and trying her bonnet with a prettier look.

"I suppose, child," said Dr. March, with a sudden gravity, "it is of no use to ask you for any news of my poor people over there?"

Bee turned round.

"I have had no time to spare," she said. "From choosing new bonnets?"

"Do you like this one?" she demanded archly. "Is not that little crimson *pompon* very becoming?" Tell the truth now!"

"You foolish girl," persisted George, unimpressed by the white teeth and the provoking sparkle of dark eyes, "why don't you try to think of something better than bonnets?"

"Is there anything better?" she asked demurely.

"George would not smile."

"I don't like cold rooms and narrow alleys in warm weather," pouted the girl, seeing his grave face; but her great brown eyes fell under the young man's cool glance.

He laughed and sighed in spite of himself.

"You did not like them any better in cold weather, as far as I can remember!" he cried; and then Bee made an appealing little face.

"Don't scold me on your first day at home," she said smiling. "I will try to get up by ten, but I have had a bad air; and when I will invest in a poke bonnet and a big basket, and go about like Janet Bryer asking poor people impertinent questions and calling women old enough to be my mother by their Christian names?"

"You are a born match-maker, Molly, like every woman who is worth her salt."

"Well, I have got the very girl at last, I do believe, who would just suit him for a wife."

"Where?" asked Mr. Throgmorton, looking vaguely at the door, and the tradesman's shiny street; while Doctor March, unconscious of the fate in store for him, was helping Bee in her tie-back skirts into the carriage. "I don't understand."

"Of course she can't expect to meet lords in Barlaston," continued the lady somewhat incoherently. "And I am afraid most young men now-a-days look for money with a wife. But George can afford to marry for love. And oh, Tom, if it can be managed, won't it be nice if he should take a fancy to Ada Ludlow?"

CHAPTER VI.

Doctor March was the youngest of the three physicians in the quiet old town of Barlaston-Regis; but, in spite of his youth, which some people and especially the other two physicians looked upon as a serious disqualification in a medical man, he was the most popular.

Not a few of Doctor Featherstone's patients, it is true, had complained, when the young man first came to settle in the town, that he was hard and unsympathetic—which may have been the case when he had to deal with imaginary sufferings. He was apt at these times to speak the truth a little too plainly, and had made enemies of those who did not understand him. Men whom he debarred from their selfish indulgences, or who he recommended cold water and exercise as his only prescriptions; women who expected him to suggest new pleasures as remedies for a too listless and frivolous life—these were the people who had found Doctor March cold and intolerant.

But they were few now that he had been seven years laboring among them; and if the young man had had to bear cold looks and misconstruction in his time, he had his reward at last in the affection with which he was now regarded by his patients, for he had been the grateful and lighting up of heavy faces that met him as he went on his way, bringing hope and healing and consolation with him.

George March was too indifferent about success, as the world understands the word, too careless about money or position, too unambitious; and yet, in spite of his unselfishness, in spite of many hours devoted to unprofitable work, he had, somewhat to his own surprise, got on.

His position was now firmly established in Barlaston-Regis, and he was being called by the bay horses to be seen driving about all day in the best neighborhood; his name was on the staff of the various hospitals in the town; and the result of all this was a very handsome income, which was steadily on the increase.

No wonder the Barlaston young ladies looked very kindly upon him; and George March was, besides, very well worth liking on his own account.

There was nothing especially hero-like about him, perhaps; but he was so cheerful and steadfast, so strong and so gentle, that people who had once looked at his face—and especially women—felt instinctively that he was to be trusted and esteemed, whatever differences of opinion might afterwards arise.

Perhaps it was because Doctor March liked most people—and all women—in return, and could always see some good in every one. Children positively adored him; and, as George had no little nephews and nieces, he was obliged to show them himself such snatches of that enjoyment as were to be found in the nurseries of his friends and patients. Sometimes indeed the enthusiasm of the baby members of Barlaston society proved rather embarrassing to the young man, who did not find himself very much at ease in the presence of a child, but he never failed to give each leg by two fat little arms, shrieks loud and loud following the nurse's endeavors to release him.

George did not mind. He loved the little ones, and laughed at them, and let them climb on his knees, and kiss his brown face, just as he was good-natured, and a shade paternal in his manner to all the young ladies who admired him so much.

It was certainly a pity, as several kindly matrons had often declared, that Doctor March should be so much in the way of the world, and that he should be spending the best years of his life without creating any interest for himself outside of his profession.

His mother had died while he was a little fellow at school; and his father having married again abroad, Doctor March had grown up in the world with but scanty encouragement or help from home. Indeed the household of half-foreign children and their middle-aged coquette of a mother which went by that name was no home in the eyes of the Englishman.

But for all that the ship-shod family in Brussels had profited considerably by his increasing popularity; and his father's widow, with her numerous offspring, were now recognized pensioners on his bounty.

George was a cheerful, good-natured, and did not complain; but it is certain that he had been mortally offended when his step-mother had elected to remain among her own friends in Belgium, instead of accepting a share of his home in Barlaston-Regis. It was quieter to be alone, he considered, though there would certainly have been ample room for them all.

Dr. March lived in Beadeston Gardens, in a big old-fashioned house which he had taken with the practice from old Doctor Featherstone, and which he continued to occupy, though it was situated in an out-of-the-way part of the town and was a great deal too spacious and stately for his simple bachelor establishment. But it suited the Doctor, who liked the old-world tranquility of the square in which it stood; and his patients did not find it at all inconvenient that their thronging of a morning in goodly numbers to his consulting room. Good old Mrs. Batters, a relic of Doctor Featherstone's regime, had remained with the other fixtures, playing the part of ministering spirit to the young man, and was most desirous that as it was possible for a bachelor to be alone, he should be so.

Popular and prosperous, as he was, it was evident that, outside of one or two houses, Doctor March was not much sought after in society; and many sighs were caused by the careless good-humor with which he deigned his attentions among the many pretty girls in Barlaston who were so willing to please him if they had only known how, and who were so much in the way of living all by himself in that great lonely house.

George March was perfectly contented however with his condition; and prudent mothers, who had paid the rising physician many attentions since his arrival in Barlaston, began to look upon him as a hopeless case.

One or two of these ladies, more daring than the rest, or having a larger number of daughter on promotion, had sounded the young man discreetly on the subject of marriage, and had given him to understand that in his profession it was most desirable that he should settle down early and begin to be looked upon as a family man. But the Doctor only laughed, declaring that he was as happy as the days were long, and that a man could be no more if he had twenty wives, than he was if he had none.

It was evident that he was incorrigible. Having an immense and eager interest in his profession, and a large capacity for hard work, he was not at all desirous of being considered a thorough old foggy at the age of thirty.

It was his household well-ordered, faithful old Batters being the fine flower of managers; and, if ever George dreamed of a change in the tranquil routine of his existence, it was as of a far-off indefinite prospect which did not trouble him at all as yet.

And in the meantime there was the pleasant old house in Upper Brunswick Street looking upon as home, to say nothing of his little band of admirers and sisters to provide for the various needs of his patients, which had grown about him since he had taken root in the town.

Among these were the visits at the North End, of which he had spoken to Mrs. Throgmorton. They were to be paid in the poorest quarters of the town, and would bring the Doctor no fewer than a score of children, nevertheless those scalded child lay dying in a stifling garret, and the bed-ridden girl, her neighbor, found the tenderest skill, the gravest sympathy, most freely lavished in their service; and the delight of these poor women and other humble patients in the Doctor's return was certainly worth the additional hour they kept him away from home.

Some of his old battles with dirt and ignorance and close windows and certainly to be begun over him. But the young man did not expect miracles, and was content to oppose these powerful foes with the patient

firmness which his poor friends at the North End were beginning to respect, and to feel largely in time and perseverance.

The one room where he could count on seeing nothing to annoy him belonged to a crippled girl, for whom good Mrs. Batters had sometimes provided employment in the shape of some simple household sewing, and who looked up to Doctor March as to a hero and demigod, ever since the day when he had spoken to her in the hospital ward, where she lay recovering from the accident that had maimed her for life, and had praised her for her neatness and her cheerful face.

Little Maria, as the poor woman was called in the crowded house where she lodged, no longer needed the Doctor's advice herself; but sometimes George employed her in nursing those other poor patients who required a woman's care; and he made a point of knocking at her door on the day of his visits to Prince's Alley, and of cheering her with a friendly nod as he passed by.

A little talk with the Doctor was Maria's greatest earthly enjoyment; and on the day of his return, after a flourishing geranium in a pot to show him the result of her little window, the white blinds and narrow panes of which where absolutely dazzling in their cleanliness, and close to which a bird was singing bravely in a wooden cage. She had to tell, too, how she had been kept very busy while he was away, and had been able to put by a little money against the winter—to all of which humble confidences George March listened with cordial interest.

Maria was fond of reading, as he had discovered; and, though this was his first day at home, he found her with a bundle of books, which had travelled about all day in his brougham, and would help to beguile the weary hours which sometimes befell the child when there was no work to be obtained.

It was this sort of thing, no doubt, that had earned the Doctor the reputation of being eccentric; and it did seem hard that, when so many pleasant drawings-room hours were being spent in the company of a young fellow who was so cheerful and so gentle, and who was so much in the way of the world, and that he should be spending the best years of his life without creating any interest for himself outside of his profession.

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ant it had not struck her as the way that she must have been a ladder and crawl through to his patient. But as she speckled, spotted, gloved, and ready leaning against the outgrate, rickety sort of a way, congruity seemed borne in on me that Uncle Brimmer had the window some mysterious door that he wore. Long, red and red in the breeze," as a picture-American flag on a Fourth of

d, doctor, it will be a little red, "Uncle Brimmer," and she waved her lily have ter climb de ladder," Pal, with a disreputal

little doctor gasped; but he self gallantly, and said: "I trees, and think I can ascend man," and he smiled hero-

him. He was encumbered bags, but he managed very summer's head and shoulders him the look of a small

pulse, doctor," he cried, ing his bared arm. "Tain't here. And here's my out went his tongue for Dr,

settled himself on a round of e willing to be met half way, quires began, when

ed struck like a rising knell," ous!" exclaimed Mabel,

brang up with distended eyes e baby fall.

arer, deadlier than before."

Miss Mabel," cried Nanky, on's bull's gone broke loose?" and, in a moment's time, and in mid, angry best, bellowing, and, shaking his evil lowered, devil were contradicting him, and a scared face. My lord

of the fluttering red rags, side the house, and, in a word, the next instant the cked from under the doctor's clinging frantically around e Brimmer.

ent.

Uncle Brimmer—pull him abel, dancing about."

ney—I can't," gasped the "I'm stuck."

ick the doctor. "Send

seized him by the arm-

iddle-bags went clattering e head of Master Bull a calomel, Dover's and divers and pills, broke in blinding

to go for Mr. Hucklestone at

del. He looked cautiously out from

"Ye don't ketch me in e Simon's bull," she said, dependence.

nd Nanky Pal."

gave out, that house I'll e in her body."

egan to beg: "Aunt Patsy, eces, and my ruby red pol-

ugged me yesterday."

del came out a little fur-

pillow sham," said Mabel, e and some white, and a new hat—and that's all.

ut's about as much as the id the philosophic mother.

ried Mabel.

id Nanky. "I aint much aint nuther. She was e how much you'd give?"

legs scudded swiftly across bull took no notice of her,

pping and bellowing under Uncle Brimmer and the

together, and only a con-

and then told of the little

le Brimmer should let go?"

ollow whisper.

ried Mabel. "The doctor's e our heads."

to the tobacco field, and in

rt time brother John came

vered about him like a

he mended his drink; she

he mended his drink; she

he mended his drink; she

he mended his drink; she

he mended his drink; she

he mended his drink; she

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he mended his drink; she

he mended his drink; she

TWO SCENES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

It was in the garden shady, Where the moonbeams softly lay, That a lover and his lady Met, a sad farewell to say.

There were sighs and sobs in plenty, Locks of hair and flowers, I ween, Tin-types, too,—the youth was twenty, And the maiden seventeen.

And his eyes were moist and shiny, As he tried his love to tell, While she, too, turned on the briny Most successfully and well.

Then they vowed, in terms caloric, Nothing should their true love sever, And were really Pinafore In their frequent use of "Never."

Well, they met. When many seasons Neatly had the past interred, Doubtless both had good reasons Why the meeting was deferred.

In a widow's cap beguiling, She was (very strange is life!) While he came up, pleased and smiling With his pretty second wife.

Bows were made and hands were shaken, Then old times were gayly quoted, Chirped he: "I'm not mistaken, Wasn't I once quite devoted?"

"Was it you?" She gave another Smile,—I don't remember well, It was you or else your brother, Which, I really couldn't tell.

—Scribner's Monthly

A Mule Kicks a Beehive.

I was visiting a gentleman who lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles. The morning was beautiful. The splash of little cas-

cades about the grounds, the buzz of bees, and the gentle moving of the foliage of the pepper trees in the scarcely perceptible ocean breeze, made up a picture which I thought was complete. It was not. A

mule wandered on the scene. The scene, I thought, could have got along without him. He took a different view.

Of course mules were not allowed on the grounds. That is what he knew. That was his reason for being there.

I recognized him. Had met him. His lower lip hung down. He looked disgust-

ed. It seemed he didn't like being a mule. A day or two before while I was trying

to pick up a little child who had got too near the mule's heels, he kicked me two or

three times before I could tell from which way I was hit. I might have avoided some

of the kicking, but, in my confusion, I began to kick at the mule. I didn't kick

with him long. He outmaneuvered me. He browsed along on the choice shrub-

bery. I forgot the beauty of the morning. Remembered a black and blue spot on my

leg. It looked like the print of a mule's hoof. There was another on my right hip;

where my suspenders crossed there were two more, as I have been informed. They were side by side—two blue spots—and

seemed to be about the same age.

I thought of revenge. I didn't want to lick with him any more. No. But thought if I had him tied down good and

fast, so he could not move his heels, how like sweet incense it would be to saw his

ears and tail smooth off, then put out his eyes with a red-hot poker, then skin him

alive, then run him through a threshing machine.

While I was thus thinking and getting madder and madder, the mule, which had wandered up close to a large beehive, got

stung. His eyes lighted up, as if that was just what he was looking for. He turned

on the beehive and took aim. He fired. In ten seconds the only piece of beehive I

could see was about the size a man feels when he has told a joke that falls on the

company like a piece of sad news. This piece was in the air. It was being kicked at

the bees swarmed. They swarmed at a good deal. They lit on that mule earnest-

ly. After dinner time, and the Squire urged him to remain. The Squire was a generous

provider, proud of his table, and he complacently escorted his friend to a sea. A

little to the surprise of both, they saw nothing on the board but a huge dish of salad, which the good wife began quietly to dish

up. "My dear," said the Squire, where are the meats?"

"There are none to-day," said his lady. "No meats! What in the name of poverty! The vegetables then. Why don't you have them brought in?"

"You didn't order any," said the amazed Squire.

"You forgot," coolly answered the housewife. "I asked what we should have, and you said, 'let's dine alone.' Here it is."

The friend burst into a laugh, and the Squire, after looking lugubrious a moment, joined him.

"Well, I give it up. I owe you one. Here is the fifty dollars you wanted for that carpet which I denied you." The Squire forked over. "Now let us have

peace and some dinner."

The good woman pocketed the paper, rang the bell, and a sumptuous repast of fish, poultry, and vegetables, was brought in.

A few days afterwards the Squire remained in his garden some time after the usual tea hour. His wife grew impatient of delay, and went to find him. His excuse, when asked what he was waiting for, threw her into a flutter of excitement.

"Some one's to come to supper," she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me? I declare you are the provokingest man!"

And without asking which of his friends was expected, she hastened to change her dress and slick up her hair for the occasion. This done, she came out and found the Squire seated at the table reading the news-

paper. "Where's your company?"

"My company! I haven't any company."

"But you said you expected somebody to supper," exclaimed the indignant wife.

"My dear, I said no such thing. You asked what I was waiting for, and I said summons to come to supper—that's what I was waiting for, my dear, and I came at once."

"And you have made me go and change my dress. Oh, I'll pay you for this."

"No matter about it, my dear, I owed you, you remember, for that lettuce."

—A Missing Railroad.

When Cheyenne was at the zenith of its glory, a sign of "General offices of the Cheyenne, Pacific Slope & Sandwich

Island Railroad" was hung out without creating the least surprise. If one person had

asked another where the depot of said railroad was, there might have been some

hesitation about answering, but it was some time after the sign was out before any

special inquiries began to be made. Then an Eastern man walked in one day, carpet-

bag in hand, and said: "I suppose you connect at San Francisco with the regular steamers?"

"Well, yes; I suppose we shall," was the hesitating reply.

"Shall? Isn't your road through yet?"

"Shall, not quite."

"Do you take in Salt Lake?"

"Salt Lake? Yes; I think we do."

"How much for a ticket?"

"Well, I can't say exactly, as we have none on sale just yet."

"Can't get one at the depot?"

"Well, I think not; we haven't any depot yet."

"Can I pay on the train?"

"Well, you see, we have no trains yet."

"I suppose I can walk on the track?" persisted the stranger.

"Well, I should have no objection if we had a track."

"What sort of a railroad have you got, anyhow?"

"Well, you see, it's only on paper thus far, but as soon as we can sell \$5,000,000

worth of stock we shall begin grading and rush business right along. If you happen

to be along when we get to going we will put you through as low as any other re-

sponsible route."

The stranger struck his hands into his pockets, stared hard, whistled softly, and then walked out on tip-toe without another

word.—Wall Street Daily News.

Farmers' Dress.

Farmers do an injustice to themselves by their neglect of dress. Dirty, ragged

and unfashionable apparel even on a noble form, has a tendency to elicit sneers. The

farmer who seems to take pride in wearing poor clothes, when doing the business

of the farm other than the manual labor, gives occasion for such insulting names as

"mossback," "clodhopper" and "country jake," and aids in creating classes in society with himself at the bottom, as he is in the

oppressed countries of the old world. No farmer's wife will come to town with her

wash-day clothes on, if she has any better. No more should a farmer, with proper respect for himself, come to town

wearing his plow clothes.

The independence of the American farmer, arising from the fee simple tenure

of his occupancy, should make him the first of the land in point of property hold-

ing, and his influence and rank should be inferior to none. He must assert him-

self, not only with intelligence, but with the grace of manners and refinement of

appearance becoming his respectable station.

Intellectual culture, home adornment, and refinement in dress are nearly akin,

and are the elements that command social and political recognition where wealth

with ignorance and uncouthness would be scorned.

The patron who is constantly admonished by the first precept of his order "to

slightly labor," lowers his dignity by the disgusting wearing of repulsive clothes.

Labor cannot be dignified in dirty rags nor more than beauty can be thus adorned.

We beg farmers to cultivate gentility in dress as well as purity of character and

breadth of learning. They should be the noblemen of the land in appearance as

they are in occupation.—Allegan Democrat.

The Wealth of Nations.

The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland heads the list with a capital

valuation of \$44,400,000,000; then comes France with \$35,700,000,000; the United

States with \$33,000,000,000; Germany with \$22,000,000,000; Russia with \$15,000,000,000; and Low Countries with \$11,500,000,000 of capital collectively. These are the

valuations made by those countries of their entire resources. What is the annual income per inhabitant of various countries? We come to the front in this comparison.

The average annual income in the United Kingdom is \$165; in the United States, \$165 also; in the Low Countries, \$130; in France, \$125; in the British colonies, \$90; in Germany, and also in Scandinavia, \$85.

In this reckoning Russia, with her 90,000,000 people, is out of sight as yet; she will not be very long. On the score of annual accumulation our case is even better, relatively far better. The annual accumula-

tion of wealth in Germany is \$300,000,000; it is \$325,000,000 in the United Kingdom; \$375,000,000 in France; in the United States it is \$285,000,000! Our increase in

national wealth since 1850, says a good English authority, would be enough to purchase the whole German Empire, with its

farms, cities, banks, shipping, manufactur-

ers, etc. The annual accumulation has been \$235,000,000, and therefore each de-

cade adds more to the wealth of the United States than the capital value of Italy or

Spain. Every day the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of \$3,300,000 to the wealth of the Republic.

—T. M. Coan, in Harper's Monthly.

It is reported of the economy of Russell Sage, the great stock operator, that he weighs out the sugar, tea, coffee, and

spices, and measures the liquids required for his housekeeper, from whom he exacts a rigid account. After this the old man

drives down town to have a little set-to on 'Change with either Jay Gould or Vander-

bilt.

VARIETIES.

ONE WHO RAO.—"You see that man just crossing the street?" remarked a Chicago

man to a New Yorker whom he was towing around to see the sights. "Well, that man

is waiting for, my dear, and I came at once."

"And you have made me go and change my dress. Oh, I'll pay you for this."

"No matter about it, my dear, I owed you, you remember, for that lettuce."

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"I suppose I can walk on the track?" persisted the stranger.

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(Continued from first page.)

right hand through the opening, we removed the left ovary by torsion, which presented a perfectly healthy appearance; then passing to the right ovary, we found it in an hypertrophied condition, and what is known as an ovarian tumor, as large as a hen's egg. We called the attention of the owner to this morbid condition, and the danger of its removal, who willingly assumed all responsibility; we therefore removed it, which operation was followed by a dangerous hemorrhage, which at the time we regarded as necessarily fatal, as no ligatures could be applied to the bleeding vessels. The wound was closed by means of the interrupted suture already described; no dressing of any kind was used, the animal made as comfortable as circumstances would admit; together, however, we visited our patient next morning and to our surprise found her feeding, seemingly suffering but little in consequence of the operation. In two weeks this animal had fully recovered, her milk increasing in quantity and quality, continuing a uniform flow for some two or three years. We have endeavored to present this subject fairly to our readers, and will now leave them to draw their own conclusions; at the same time we hold ourselves in readiness, when the spring comes, to operate upon any animals that parties interested in testing the benefits of the operation for themselves may submit for that purpose. In order to secure success, the animal should be carefully selected for their good milking qualities, and comparatively worthless cows should not be submitted for that purpose.

Anthrax Fever—Salicylic Acid a Remedy.

Dr. J. A. McBride, Professor of Veterinary Surgery, at the Royal Agricultural College of England, says: Salicylic acid has been used extensively, as a preventive in cases of blood disorders, and from what I have seen I can fully endorse its character for usefulness. This remedy has two advantages, it has a tendency to lessen the temperature and decrease the fever, so that the animal is not so quickly poisoned; and in the second place, it seems to have a specific effect in destroying at once the organisms found in the blood. Let us suppose you get into Queensland, where there is a pretty hot climate, and you have the Cumberland disease destroying your stock, or some other disease resembling what I have described. Say you lose a hundred animals, what is there you can use as a preventive? In the case of sheep, if you lift the water to them, put about two or three grains of salicylic acid for every animal, dissolved in hot water, in their troughs, drive the sheep up to drink, and then all will get their proper quantity. You may put in twenty grains, if you like, of the acid, but it is more economical, I suppose, to put three, and it answers quite as well. These are the medicinal agents I depended on during the last three years I was in Japan, and have lost no stock under the treatment. I never regretted their use. Previous to that I had used quinine, turpentine, carbolic acid (the objection to this being that it has to be given in such large doses as to produce inflammation of the internal organs) and all to no good, the animals all dying in periods ranging from two to four days after being attacked. The same agents may be used as preventives as are used as curatives. Of course, one thing has to be taken into account; you must place your animals in as favorable circumstances as possible as to light, fresh air, giving them a small quantity of nutritious food, unless they are much fevered, and in those cases milk, if it can be obtained, will answer your purpose, with whipped blood given as an injection. You must see that your drainage is as perfect as possible, and if it is not very perfect the drain must be flushed every day, so as to carry away all effete matters. If you do this, and use the two agents I have mentioned, I have no hesitation in saying that a large percentage of patients will recover. Preventive measures should, however, be most studied, as curative treatment takes more time. Of course you must remember that during the convalescent period it may in some cases be necessary to give the patient tonics, but in cases of fever and of high temperature, tonics, as a rule, do more harm than good. They are apt to be very easily absorbed, fermentation is set up, indigestion follows, and the case is much complicated. The simpler the treatment in fever cases, the greater the success, whether splenic fever, braxy, or other disorders closely allied to them. When I say I mean that description which can be described as an anthraxoid disease; and there are many diseases called braxy in the Highlands of Scotland to which that description would not apply.—*Toronto Globe.*

Sporadic Diseases.

I need not enter into any details under this head. Much careful information is to be gleaned from the printed reports, and it will be again found that horses are chiefly destroyed by diseases of the digestive and respiratory organs. Of the maladies of the digestive organs, colic is the most deadly, and of the thoracic disorders, pleurisy kills the largest number. Colic is far more prevalent in Scotland than in England or Ireland, and though fatal in its character in a large proportion of cases wherever it may occur, still the practice of overloading the large intestine of the horse with sloppy mash, as practiced in Scotland, is apt to be attended with very serious results.—*Prof. J. Gamgee.*

Hungarian vs. American Flour.

The Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* recently published an article from a correspondent at Pesth, the great milling center of Hungary, in which complaints are made against the competition of American flour, which is driving the Hungarian article out of the markets of Europe. The article says: "The firm state of the grain market has not failed to awaken a great deal of anxiety in milling circles. The exports of flour

have been limited for some time past. The profits of our mills depended, in a great measure, on the export trade, and it is not too much to say that at the present time, when this is declining, the prosperity of the Austro-Hungarian mills is endangered. After the prosperous years of 1878 and 1879, a large number of mills were built in Vienna and Pesth. There are now too many steam flour mills, and the new establishments have been compelled to adopt methods which are certainly not business-like. Our trade to Germany has been lost, in a great measure, through the heavy duties, while shipments to the interior, leaving American competition out of the question, are rendered impossible by the high railroad freights. France, which has shut her markets against us for a long period, was just beginning to appreciate our flour, but now she prefers to buy cheap American wheat. Switzerland is closed to us, owing to French mills being able to sell cheaper, and the high tariff of the Bavarian railways. Our products have been pushed to the wall (ganz an die wand gedrückt) in Great Britain. Our fine flours held their own at one time, but are now only sold by chance, as it were. The American mills turn out fine flour, which certainly is not comparable to Hungarian, but the cheapness secures them a market. The outcome especially is inferior to that of Hungarian, and, although the color is very white indeed, it lacks that peculiar yellow shade which is special to Hungarian. The adhesiveness is small and bad in quality. Hungarian flour, will, therefore, for the future, and even then only when the quotations are favorable. The dark and inferior grades of Hungarian flour are shipped inland, the superior and medium brands are sent to Germany and Great Britain. There are now thirteen steam mills in Pesth. Some of the stockholders are selling out."

CITY ITEMS.

The Detroit Glucose factory is now turning out 80 barrels of pure cane syrup per day and expect in a short time to increase it to 125.

C. R. MARLEY, the clothier, is about to put in an engine and apparatus, and furnish his own electric lights for his Woodward Avenue store.

A MICHIGAN Grand Avenue commission firm have shipped this season up to Feb. 1st, 30 tons of dressed poultry, 7½ tons of rabbits, 4,300 quail and 3,100 partridges.

A BELGIAN named Wask, employed at the Detroit Stove works, was instantly killed on Wednesday last, by being caught between the elevator frame and the hatchway.

EXOS BECKER, of Redford, this county, has sued the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. in the Wayne Circuit Court, to recover damages on a building burned in Redford.

THE DETROIT Bridge & Iron Works have obtained the contract for the immense iron bridge to be constructed by the Northern Pacific Railroad across the Missouri river at Bismarck, D. T.; cost about \$700,000.

SOME of the farmers just north of the city have had a number of sheep killed by dogs. These worthless curs are said to belong to a couple living inside of the city limits, who have to keep six of them to amuse the thirteen children of which they are the alleged progenitors.

MR. BRADFORD SMITH sends us the following: "Thanks for your notice in the FARMER in regard to the boy for whom I was seeking a home. I received some fifteen applications, and have placed him. The applications received I have put on file, and will send each one of the writers a notice whenever another boy is placed in my hands."

JOHN CASEWELL, a switchman on the D. G. H. & M. R. R., was acting as brakeman between the junction and the city last Thursday, and was knocked from the train by the Congress street bridge, falling between the tracks and crushing his leg in such a manner that it had to be amputated. Being a strong, healthy man, the doctors were of opinion that his injuries would not prove fatal; but he died Sunday night.

LAST summer a man named Cates, rented some upstairs rooms on Jefferson Avenue from T. A. Parker. The back stairs went out on one of the stairs, the stairs gave way and Cates, who was sitting on them, fell and injured his considerably. Cates brought an action for damages against Parker, and last week was awarded a verdict of \$2,500. If this verdict is sustained, it will probably have the effect of making landlords keep their tenements in repair.

THE BOARD of Trade of this city recently sent a petition to the State Legislature favoring the present license as applied to the sale of intoxicating liquors. To the petition was appended the names of 250 prominent business men of Detroit. When the petition was introduced in the Legislature, some of the ladies who favored prohibition at once drew up a petition denouncing the license system, and asking the submission of the question to a vote of the people of the state. Business men were then canvassed, and names to the number of 437 secured. The ladies feel much pleased at the success they met in securing signatures.

ONE of the notorious Potomac gang, named Farrell, had his career brought to a sudden close last Sunday evening by a pistol bullet in a saloon at 229 Jefferson Avenue. It appeared from the evidence of those present, that Farrell and a companion named Dunn, went into the saloon and found a friend of Farrell's named Dwyer, asleep in a chair. Dunn went behind Dwyer and grasped him under the arms to raise him from the chair, and feeling a revolver in his pocket took it out, and holding it by the handle reached it around the stove to Farrell, who stretched out his hand to receive it; at that moment the pistol was discharged and Farrell fell to the floor, having received the bullet in his right chest. Drs. Dickinson and Richards were summoned at once, and pronounced the wound fatal. Farrell was taken to St. Mary's hospital and died at 9 o'clock the same evening.

TWO organists. Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nineteen twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE Sub-Committee of the Ways and Means Committee of the House has decided to report favorably on the bill doing away with the tax on matches, bank checks, bank deposits, and bank capital.

J. J. H. GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE.—Mr. Gregory's Catalogue (advertised in our columns) opens with several fine engravings of new vegetables, after which follows an immense variety of flower and vegetable seeds, including 47 kinds of Beans, 25 of Beet, 54 of Cabbage and Cauliflower, 36 of Corn, 28 of Cucumber, 28 of Lettuce, 41 of Melon, 17 of Squash, 24 of Tomato, 36 of Turnip, etc., etc., all duly described. Catalogues are advertised free to all.

THE Barb Wire patents of Kelly, Hunt & Giddan having been sustained by the courts, no barb wires, unless licensed under them, can be sold or used without liability for damages. The Kelly Steel Barb Wire is now, as in the past, a legal wire, and most deservedly popular, and sold as cheap as other wires. The Thorn Wire Hedge Co., of Chicago (sole manufacturer), who receive an income from the patents, are justly deserving of their share in the results of the victory.

HALL's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is the most reliable article in use for restoring gray hairs to its original color and promoting its growth.

THE A. S. Co. Black Tip for children's shoes should be called for by parents, not only upon heavy shoes, in place of the metal—'as it wears as well'—but upon all fine shoes, as it looks neat and doubles their value.

SPECIAL DISPATCH FROM DETROIT. The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Keweenaw Wort has induced the proprietors, the well-known wholesale Druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it in solid form as well as in dry form.—*Pest and Tribune.*

CANVASSERS make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDGOUT & Co., 10 Barclay St., New York. Send for catalogue and terms.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

THURSDAY, FEB. 8, 1911.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 6,888 bbls.; shipments, 2,960 bbls. The market for flour is quiet, and dull, with no change in value, although, no doubt, free buyers would find no difficulty in securing better rates. Quotations yesterday were: Fancy white (city mills)..... \$ 5.00 Choice white (country)..... 4.50-4.80 Common..... 4.00-4.30 Minnesota spring..... 4.00-4.30 Minnesota fall..... 3.50-3.80 Low grade to super..... 3.20-3.50 Rye..... 3.00-3.50

Wheat.—The receipts of wheat for the week have been 48,968 bu., against 116,731 bu. the previous week. Shipments, 22,417 bu. The market here yesterday was tame and lifeless at the opening of the day and transactions limited. No 1 white opened at 95¢; No 2, 94¢; No 3, 93¢. A few sales of spot had been made there was a slight decline, but the market recovered again and closed at 96¢ for No 1 white, 95¢ for No 2, and 94¢ for No 3. The total sales at the Board of Trade during the day were as follows: No 1 white, 13 carloads; February, 35,000 bu.; March, 80,000 bu.; April, 41,000 bu.; May 10,000 bu.; No 2 white, 13 carloads; No 2 red, 5,000 bu. No 1 white in New York is quoted at \$1.14; No 2, \$1.12; No 3, \$1.10. It should be to enable shippers to operate from here.

Corn.—For No 1 mixed 48¢ was bid yesterday and 49¢ demanded. No transactions were recorded.

Oats.—Prices yesterday were unsettled. No 1 mixed nominal at about 37¢ and No 2 white at 36¢.

Barley.—Offerings of fine stock are light and desirable samples attract attention. Good to choice State barley is wanted at \$1.40 to \$1.50. Canada barley could be sold at 90¢ to 95¢.

Rye.—None is offered; damaged samples could be sold at about 70¢ per bu.

Buckwheat.—No dull; bargained lots could be placed at about 60¢ per bu.

Buckwheat Flour.—Held at \$4.75 to \$5.00 per bbl. for best. Eastern, \$2.75 to \$3.00; or \$5.00 to \$5.50.

Corn Meal.—Fresh ground stock, \$3.00 to \$3.25, with a quiet market.

Feed.—Receipts for the week, 30 tons; shipments, none. Bran quoted at \$10.50 to \$11.00; corn middlings, \$18.50 to \$19.00; fine feed \$14.50 to \$15.00; corn meal \$20.00; corn and oats \$20.00.

Mixed.—Quotable and looks firm at about 43¢; 43¢; prices are light and the demand of the trade limited.

Butter.—The receipts of butter the past week were 18,051 lbs. and the shipments were 10,650 lbs. The market is quiet and a slight advance in price is noted. The best lots now command 21¢, while good ordinary lots are taken at 20¢. Some choice lots have sold at even higher figures than those quoted.

Eggs.—The market is steady at 13½ to 14¢ with a light demand.

Beans.—More active; city hand picked \$1.70; unpicked are in demand at 80¢ and \$1.10.

Honey.—Market dull, with hardly any demand. Choice comb is freely offered at 15¢ to 16¢, and strained at 14¢.

Apples.—Receipts for the week 608 bbls, and shipments none. Business very light. Prices are 10¢ to 12¢ per bbl, with only small lots of choice commanding outside figures.

Potatoes.—Market quiet but firm; trade lots in sacks command 6¢ per bu. firm.

Clover Seed.—Inactive and the market is unsettled. For prime seed \$4.90 is the best bid. Sellers are offering invoices at about \$5.00. No 2 seed is bid at \$4.70.

Poultry.—Dressed turkeys are in better demand, and sell at 12½ to 14¢ per lb.; chickens are steady at 9¢ to 10¢.

Meats.—Invoices of pure quiet at 20¢ to 22¢; in stock it is held at 25¢ to 26¢.

Eggs.—Strictly fresh eggs are scarce and sold, the market during the past week went up to 50¢ per dozen, but has declined until present quotations are 38¢, with a very light demand. The warm weather will probably cause a decline.

Holders.—Holders are very firm at 40¢ per bbl for yellow cod fruit commands \$7.00 to \$8.00 per bu, or \$2.00 to \$3.00 per bushel box.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

THE following were the receipts at these yards:

	Cattle	Sheep	Hogs
Ann Arbor.....	11	30	6
Brighton.....	37	100	0
Calumet.....	1	0	0
Ceresco.....	1	0	0
Dexter.....	8	50	0
D. G. H. & M. R. R.....	44	140	30
Grand Lake.....	181	300	0
Grand Lodge.....	196	30	0
Highland.....	191	14	0
Holland.....	21	16	0
Howell.....	17	11	0
Marshall.....	77	11	0
Milford.....	114	0	0
Manchester.....	17	124	0
Owosso.....	16	40	0
Plymouth.....	17	124	0
Roseland.....	17	124	0
Saline.....	22	0	0
St. Louis.....	108	0	0
Union.....	108	0	0
Williamston.....	41	183	0
Ypsilanti.....	41	240	0
Ypsilanti.....	41	240	0
Drove in.....	336	300	12
Total.....	713	9363	306

The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 713 head, against 551 head last week. The demand for shipping and butchers' cattle was active at prices 10 to 15 cents per hundred higher than those of last week. The market closed firm with all offerings disposed of.

Good to choice shipping steers..... \$4.50 to \$5.00 Fair shipping steers..... 4.00 to 4.50 Good to choice butchers' steers..... 3.75 to 4.00 Choice butchers' steers..... 3.50 to 3.75 Fair to good mixed butchers'..... 3.25 to 3.50 Good mixed butchers' stock..... 2.50 to 3.00 Cows..... 2.00 to 2.50 Stockers..... 1.50 to 2.00

Canoe sold Burt Spencer a good cow, weighing 1,300 lbs. at \$4.25, and a fair shipping steer, weighing 1,200 lbs. at \$3.50.

Lewis sold Hark 8 fair shipping steers, at 1,000 lbs. at \$3.25.

Brown sold Henry a mixed lot of 16 head of good cow, at \$9.00, at \$3.85.

Freeman sold 3 fair shipping steers, at 953 lbs. at \$3.75.

Bradley sold Burt Spencer 3 fair cows, at 1,600 lbs. at \$3.50, and a steer, weighing 1,100 lbs. at \$3.00.

Richmond sold Burt Spencer 16 fair shipping steers at 947 lbs. at \$3.85, and 2 to 3 to 4 Phillips, at \$3.50.

Stuckey sold H. Roe 23 good shipping steers, at 1,000 lbs. at \$3.50.

Adams sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 21 head of good mixed butchers' stock, at 983 lbs. at \$3.75.

Freeman sold Burt Spencer 4 good shipping steers, at 1,100 lbs. at \$3.50.

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Chicago. CATTLE.—Receipts for the week, 27,319, against 26,401 the previous week. Shipments 11,856. The market opened on Monday with a moderately active demand, at rates about the same as at the close of last week. No extra cattle were offered, and but few choice. Sales to the local trade were at \$3.75 to \$3.50, and shippers paid \$4 to \$4.63, with a few lots at \$3.50. On Tuesday the market was in sellers' favor, and prices were about 10 cents per hundred higher than the day previous. There was an active demand for shipping and export cattle on Wednesday, and anything good enough for the eastern and English markets met with a quick sale at fully 15 cents per hundred advance over the rate of Tuesday. In common and medium grades the movement was not so brisk, but sales were made at 8 to 10 cents per hundred. On Friday the demand for shipping cattle was extremely dull and prices declined 10 to 20 cents per hundred, and even at the reduction holders were unable to effect a clearance. Butchers' and canners' stock sold at pretty full prices, the range being from \$2.75 to \$3.50. The receipts on Saturday were light and the market dull, with no material change in prices. The closing quotations were:

Extra Bees—Graded steers weighing 1,500 lbs. and upwards..... \$ 7.50 to \$ 8.00 Choice Bees—Graded steers weighing 1,500 to 1,600 lbs. 4.00 to 4.50 Good Bees—Graded steers weighing 1,300 to 1,500 lbs. 4.00 to 4.50 Medium Grade—Steers in fair flesh..... 3.75 to 4.15 Butchers' stock—Poor to choice..... 2.50 to 3.50 Cows..... 2.00 to 3.00 Hogs..... 1.50 to 2.50

Hoos.—Receipts, 154,893 head, against 149,327 the previous week. Shipments, 21,230. On Monday there was a fairly active demand, but the quality was rather poor. The market opened at \$5.10 to \$5.40 for common to prime light, and \$5.10 to \$5.75 for poor to choice heavy hogs. Skips sold at \$4.50 to \$5. The market on Tuesday opened active and higher, the range being \$4.50 to \$5.00 for inferior to extra good. In the afternoon the market advanced and grew weak, closing dull and 10 cents lower than at the opening. On Wednesday the demand was not so sharp as during the forenoon of the previous day, but prices were 5 cents better than at the close of Tuesday's market. On Friday the market opened dull and remained so all day. Early sales were about Thursday's rates, but before noon prices were 5 to 10 cents lower. The market on Saturday was again weak and shade lower. Fair to choice light or bacon grades were quotable at \$5.20 to \$5.40; common to fair heavy packing at \$5.25 to \$5.50; good to extra heavy at \$5.40 to \$5.75, and skips, culms and inferior offerings at \$4.25 to \$4.50. A few extra assorted hogs, at 400 lbs. and upward, sold at \$5.00 to \$5.25.

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